

ance of more liquor. Then there were more who were entering into the fun in a more sedate way, fathers with iron gray hair and bright eyes, daughters in tow, and younger men, possibly fathers also, who could not tell a sparker from a sparker, but didn't boast about it.

This derby lidded throng, began to swell long before the electric car had reached the Waldorf. Winding in and about the car the passenger saw the cause of the excitement—a motor car—of the shape of a starling, snoring automobiles from stinging two seated runabouts to great glistening touring cars that sped ahead of the electric car, leaving a trail of pungent vapor and crowded to the sun's with merry passengers, all eager to get a place in the long line of machines that coughed and sputtered from the ferry gate back to Second avenue and beyond.

BLOCK OF CARS AT THE FERRY.

For hours and hours that line of machines blocked the foot of Thirty-fourth street and vicinity. Almost every big city in the country had representatives among those waiting "motor bugs." Buffalo sent six carloads of the motor mad, Pittsburgh—well, everybody in Pittsburgh owns a touring car and the town was on the job.

It was difficult to determine in the darkness and excitement of Long Island City whether the derby lidded throng, which went to the race by train, or the leather lidded crowd, who motored down, sent the larger following. The derby lidded throng had been provided for by the Long Island Railroad with extra trains to the city, but even then they clung to the sides of the cars and tried to get out of the windows. But the real way to go was to chug aboard a ferryboat on a motor car, when a policeman decided it was your turn to do so, and on the Long Island side to jump with a short cut into darkness, fog and bliss.

There were no many motor cars in that race down through the back country roads that at first some were not to blame for thinking that the "bug" was a mist that hung over everything was the result of all the exhaust vapor from the bouncing cars. The mistake was learned before Long Island City had been left behind by anyone who drove an unguided hand over his face. The mist soon covered motor goggles and everything else with dampness as if a fine rain were falling.

Down through the country roads there was much singing among the motorists as they swept along and shouts and bluffs waving of bottles to passersby. Soon the automobilists began to catch up with even earlier starters, silent black figures that plodded eastward through the night on shank's mare, store and truck farm wagons, filled with quiet huddled families, who swung lanterns continually to warn the chauffeurs against rear end collisions. Still more silent bicyclists skimmed along the roadside.

CONFUSION AT KRUG'S CORNER.

It was among the black trees and a corner among the black trees and were suddenly confronted with the lights, the standing crowds and the general hubbub of Krug's Corner that they began to feel they had arrived near the beginning of things. Now the racing course was reached, and all along the roadside were thirty farmers bawling to passing motorists the advantages of some particular farm edge as a parking place for the cars. Crouched around blazing fires near the fences were groups of standees, who drove away the fog and chill with fire. Overhead were many banners advertising some brand of tire or other necessity to the "bugs."

There must be 10,000 cars along this "pike," somebody suggested at a guess. There seemed to be that many moving along through the darkness any way one looked, and as many more forming glaring fences on both sides of the course.

When the lucky ones with seats on the grand stand, the starting point, midway between Mineola and Jericho, reached the vicinity of this important spot there was a blaze of searchlights and a hum of exhaust like the buzz of a machine shop. And should any one ever wonder what becomes of all the old, out of order cars you may safely answer that they may be seen parked along the Vanderbilt course at least once a year, cheek by jowl, with the saniest two week old touring car in town.

For more than five hours that stream of cars, sometimes two and three abreast, moved along in front of the grand stand while drivers sought their places. Only a few feet, often only inches, separated a machine from the one ahead of it, and through it all squirmed the standees, the sandwich vendors, officials and the human hay bales with nickel badges, who were supposed to police the course.

THE EARLY AMUSEMENT.

As the track began to be cleared just before dawn to hold girls from Lohrsta amused themselves by selling "Car coming" from the south end of the stand to some passing standees, and at the same time throwing a cupful of sand at the back of the passerby. This was considered a rare feat. A blond, boyish looking person zigzagged through the stream of passing autos, brandishing an empty bottle. He had the good luck that attends the souse. These were expeditions, however.

Just before dawn a big "Seeing New York" truck, stuffed with men of near wealth, limbered pompously past the stand like a troupe of elephants.

"Heavens," breathed the crowd, "the race is on!"

The standees along the offing were picking out W. K. Vanderbilt by the gross now from among the heribroned officials that scurried up and down the track. Also the crowd was some that every bundled female form that felt its way through the darkness to a seat, was Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Through the mist vague masses could be

made out now which gradually developed into things that began to take on the form of nearby houses and trees. The track line and quite clear of autos and pedestrians. The dawn was breaking. A tense feeling seemed to quiet the crowd. Every seat seemed to be occupied. Telegraph sounders could be heard clicking over in the direction of the press tent. Things were going to happen.

FIRST CONTESTANT ARRIVES.

Suddenly from far up the course to the eastward—as far as the mist that still hung over the fields would permit one to see—came trailing a low car, with red hood still gray in the half light, with a sputtering snarl and bark, a cloud of vapor and jets of flame from the exhaust sticking out from the left side of the hood.

From the middle of the car that skimmed ostentatiously toward the starting point stuck up two white blurs that proved to be the sweaters of Jenatzky, the driver of the German Mercedes—No. 3 on the score card—and his mechanic. The crowd caught its breath for a moment and then there came a roar and an excited babble as Jenatzky brought his car to a stop about 100 yards behind the tape and to the right of the course. There were two brown ovals above those sweaters with goggles like the port holes of a cruiser where the eyes should be. The driver of the German car leaped lightly out on the oil road, removed some of his football headgear for comfort and with his mechanic began to green and manicure his red pet.

The onlookers had scarcely settled to watch every move of the driver as he crawled around his car while babbling a running fire of talk with his assistants and track officials when there was another bark and spitting away back to the east and out of the gloom slid a blue car with long gray hood and the number 2 painted on the front. This was Heath and his French Panhard and he took his place across the track from Jenatzky on the even number side and slightly in advance of the Mercedes.

MR. VANDERBILT ARRIVES.

There were more distant catlights and down the course slipped No. 7, another Mercedes, with Herrington driving. A moment later a gray car came up in front of the grand stand with a referee sign on the hood and William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., donor of the cup, seated with the driver. Mr. Vanderbilt bowed to the applause that greeted the sight of his nifty gray motoring clothes and the badge of office pinned to his vest. Mr. Vanderbilt, who was next to that occupied by the cup commission. This was his wife, who wore a black straw hat that tilted decidedly from port to starboard, a black veil thrown back over the hat and a tailor fashioned gown of black and white stripes. The crowd had found Mrs. Vanderbilt and turned to the thundering racing machines that were clattering into line very rapidly now.

LE BLON AT THE TAP.

Shepard driving his French Hotchkiss varied things a minute later by passing the grand stand and wheeling around suddenly in a hair raising way to take his place down below the east end of the grand stand. And then came Le Blon, No. 1, with his American Thomas car, to bring up short at the tape opposite the centre of the stand where all might see.

The popular French driver of an American car got a sendoff from the stands. A bedraggled looking gray skull cap with side flaps held everything shipshape about his head and beneath was a suit of what looked like brown khaki fashioned like overalls. When Le Blon jumped out of his car and removed some of his facial armor he uncovered the reddish brown beard and the long straight nose that one could distinguish even after the race had started and he was whizzing by at express train speed.

People may talk about the excitability of the French, but there was none of it evident in the quiet way this tall man walked over to lean against the stand and stay there almost motionless, seemingly lost in thought.

"Cheer up, old man," said a gray clad official passing Le Blon. The remark was made half jokingly, but the official's voice took on a more serious tone as he stopped momentarily and added:

"You've been driving too long to be thinking about accidents so moodily."

"No, I was thinking about the adjustment of the carburetor," replied the tall Frenchman with a quiet smile.

It was 6 o'clock. The official starting time had now arrived and stretching up the course toward the east were all the cars that were to compete according to programme, with the exception of that of Foxhall Keene, who had cracked a cylinder of the Mercedes he intended to drive and was unable to get a new pair that suited him in time.

Back along the stretch were seventeen cars in all, representing the manufacturers of France, America, Italy and Germany. They were numbered consecutively from one to nineteen in big white letters, except that superstition had entered to the extent of causing the numbers to omit the number thirteen. Also there was no number eleven entered, which had been assigned to Mr. Keene.

FIRST MAN OFF.

The start was delayed when 6 o'clock arrived because of a discussion between Jenatzky, who since weighing in the day before had added long leather mud guards to his car. There was much gesticulating and chattering before the mud guard question had the kinks pulled out of it and then the standees drew another breath as starter Wagner and Chairman J. de Mont Thompson of the A. A. A. racing board stood beside Le Blon, watches in hand.

A minute before the Le Blon's mechanic had cranked the big Thomas car and then jumped in beside the rigid driver. As the starter counted off the seconds backward, "Ten, nine, eight," and so on, the furnace began to be shaken down with a roar and simultaneously from the side of the hood blue red blasts of flame began to stab outward for almost a foot to the accompaniment of a noise like the Fourth of July. Le Blon stared steadily ahead.

"Go," said the starter with the slap on the

driver's back, which he gave each in turn as the starting signal.

With a jump the red Thomas car lit out eastward and the race was on. That car simply exploded down the stretch to Jericho. The inexperienced had expected at least some delay in starting, but before they could get their minds down to what was happening Le Blon was making the very slight turn east of the stand. His thick brown jacket, and that of the mechanic beside him, had begun to belly out like the thin silk blouse of a jockey. But never did a racehorse light out—possibly for the hereafter—like that red racer of metal.

Without a moment's delay Heath had brought his Panhard to the tape and again Starter Wagner went through the backward counting to the accompaniment of the banging of the starter and the stabling horizontal jets of flame. Another "Go!" another leap and Heath was bumping and bounding forward to risk destruction in a wild whirl around the hairpin curve, the acute angle at Krug's corner and the perils of Manhasset hill. And the onlookers knew that these wild foreign drivers would take the turns at a speed that would blanch the face of the staidest nervous spectator.

Car after car drew up to the line without a hitch and each jumped forward at one minute intervals except Cagno's car Italia, No. 12, which did not get the word to go until two minutes had elapsed after the starting of its predecessor—this because there was no number 11 starting, owing to the absence of Foxhall Keene.

WAITING FOR THE FIRST ROUND.

When Fabry had got away with his No. 19 Italia, the last on the programme, the grand stand thousands sat back and began to breathe again. All they knew now was that some place around Nassau county seventeen gnomes were chasing one another fleetly with no thought for life and limb, with seemingly no care for death. There was a buzz about the stands for a few minutes and gradually the chatter ceased and the eyes were all turned up the stretch toward the west to await the flash with skin which tires unpunctured and crinkles hanging.

All the time Announcer Prunty was busy with his megaphone telling the stands what was happening along the circuit. On a great map over the grand stand another young man pinned tickets at places along the route to show the position of the various cars. Soon the number boards became a thing upon which to devote brain power if one wanted to follow the race.

The announcer told of this car working badly at one place and of another having been stopped for new tires some place else.

"No. 9 (Tracy) stops to put on non-skids," droned the megaphone, and later, "No. 9 lost tire at Willets road." This was the beginning of the misfortune of Tracy, the idol, recorded over the telephone and then sung out by the announcer. Everything worth recording en route was announced, and so the blackboard watchers were able to follow the racers mentally at each point of importance. All that happened during these runs and subsequent laps is told elsewhere in the detailed story of the race.

Up the course in the direction from which the racers had come to take their positions for the start, one could see by the growing light a black mass standing on a little curve about three-quarters of a mile west of the stand. Through that mass of standees that seemed to be packed almost in the centre of the course would soon shoot like a bullet from a gun the first car to make the circuit of twenty-nine miles. One caught himself wondering how many would be killed if a car coming at more than express train speed should skid even slightly while rounding the little turn.

FIRST CRY OF "CAR COMING."

Those that could see that black mass on the course at the turn suddenly saw a red flag raised above the heads of the distant crowd. Directly in front of the stand a trumpet rang out. The cry that was to become so familiar, "Car coming," during the hours following was heard simultaneously with the trumpet.

There was a roar, a blur on the oil road and Jenatzky had come and gone. Excited girls whose positions did not permit of a view up the course had braced themselves to see that first car flash by. The blur had skipped across the limited view of the road and with a sputtering roar was barking itself away in the distance before the spectators of limited view came to themselves and realized that they were staring blankly at a bare brown road where a noisy shadow had passed. That was all they had seen—a shadow exploding by.

"Who—who was it?" gasped the spectators.

"Jenatzky," answered those that had been fortunate enough to catch the big number 3 on the car.

"Well, they shouldn't say 'Car coming' after that," said a tall girl with a green parrot as a hat decoration. "They should say 'Car gone.'"

FOUR CARS CLOSE TOGETHER.

Another roar and a flash and Lancia had gone by. Then came Tracy, who stopped his car in front of the Vanderbilt box for a moment to complain of the way the standees were crowding on the course. The crowd a moment later got its first big thrill when along zipped four cars only a few seconds apart, Wagner's, Shepard's, Lawwell's and Nazario's.

"That's what we came to see!" yelled the stands with delight.

And after this something happened. Enthusiasm died, except among the confirmed "bugs." The "bug" who had lost sleep to see these men joke with death suddenly realized that only the pronounced

The Weather.

The storm which has been passing eastward over the Lake regions was central in Ontario yesterday on its way out the St. Lawrence Valley and was accompanied by rain in the Lake regions and in all the States east of Indiana. In the south Atlantic States the weather was cloudy and unsettled.

The pressure was also low over North Dakota, and over all the Northwest it was becoming warmer because of the southern course of the strong high area. To the same cause was due the much cooler weather which spread eastward from the Canadian and South Dakota southward to central Texas and freezing temperatures in sections of Utah, Nebraska, Nevada and Wyoming.

It was colder on the Pacific and warmer along the Atlantic coasts.

Over all the country west of the Mississippi the weather was generally fair.

In this city rain fell at intervals and it was cloudy until late afternoon, when clearing conditions prevailed and it became cooler, the wind shifting from southeast and southwest to northwest; average humidity, 81 per cent.; barometer, corrected to sea level, at 8 A. M., 29.67; 3 P. M., 29.26. The temperature yesterday as recorded by the official thermometer shown in the record table:

100°	100°	100°	100°
9 A. M.	84°	2°	8 P. M.
12 M.	87°	62°	12 M.
3 P. M.	87°	62°	12 M.
Highest temperature, 71°, at 11:45 A. M.			

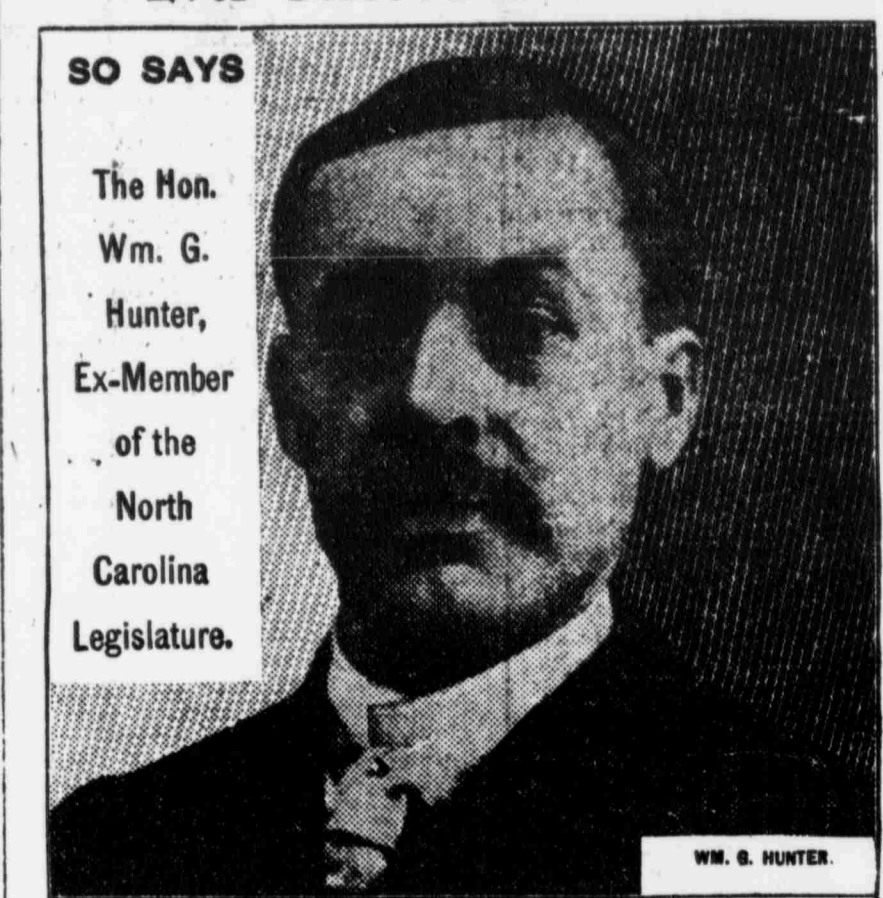
WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW.

For Eastern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and the District of Columbia, fair and somewhat colder to-day, fair and warmer to-morrow; fresh northwest winds, diminishing.

For New England, fair and much cooler to-day and to-morrow; brisk to high northwesterly winds on the coast.

For Western Pennsylvania and Western New York, fair to-day, followed by showers in north portion to-night or to-morrow; fresh west winds.

"The Greatest Family Medicine Ever Discovered Is Pe-ru-na"



SO SAYS
The Hon.
Wm. G.
Hunter,
Ex-Member
of the
North
Carolina
Legislature.

"The greatest family medicine ever discovered, in my opinion, which comes from experience as well as observation, is PERUNA. The most common affliction to humankind is a bad cold. PERUNA drives it out of doors, wards off catarrh, invigorates and gives fresh strength to mind and body. 'It gives PERUNA my unqualified endorsement.'—Wm. G. Hunter, Census Office Bldg., Washington, D. C."

October the Beautiful!
In spite of the chilly evenings and cold nights of October, this month is the most healthful month of the whole season.

There is one liability, however, which constantly hangs over the month of October—the liability to catch cold at night.

Catching Cold in October
It is very unfortunate indeed to get a cold during the month of October.

Any cold more or less undermines the system, and a great many colds lay the foundation for chronic catarrh, pneumonia, and other diseases of the winter season.

The watchword of October is to guard against cold, so as to make the most of this beautiful and healthful month.

Pe-ru-na, a Convenient Remedy
Pe-ru-na kept in the house is a convenient remedy against colds. At the appearance of the first symptoms of cold, a few doses of Pe-ru-na will often mitigate the attack entirely.

Pe-ru-na is the recognized family medicine in over a million homes, and its value cannot be overestimated when it is properly used.

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enthusiasm can keep up his interest after the second or third lap. The girls who had expected to be at a fever heat of excitement from the first "go!" to the end of the race found that a whole morning's repetition of gray, red or blue shadows banging by was a repetition.

They began to buy the morning papers, men and women, and although they still looked up with interest when the trumpet announced a coming car the first enthusiasm had waned. Young couples began to wander to the grassy promenade back of the stands. There were excursions for sandwiches and coffee among the booths that lined the stand. And when somebody pulled out a watch and found that it was only 8 o'clock in the morning there was a gasp of dismay.

TALE OF A POKER GAME.

They were telling tales now of the crowd of Cleveland enthusiasts who had used up three days coming to the race, by way of New York, in a special car. The train had been sidetracked at Westbury station six hours before the starting time of the race. One Cleveland "bug" had proposed poker in the car to while away the time till dawn. The poker game cleared the way for champagne. A sudden sleepiness came over the Clevelandites soon after the appearance of the champagne. An hour after the race of the champions, when they had been finished the Cleveland men were still peacefully sleeping. To-night they start back home without having seen the sprints of the racers. But they had a great game of poker till the drowsiness set in.

Young men had a busy time explaining to the girls beside them why it was that Jenatzky was behind Wagner when Jenatzky had covered the initial lap first. Some of the were studying this complication out on the way home.

The rain held off during the entire race, with the exception of a slight drizzle that lasted only a minute or two early in the morning. This was more a mist than a rainfall and was not enough to drive any one from the grand stand. While the slight fall was on, some of "society" in the front tier of boxes nibbled big red apples and was unharmed.

Five minutes after Wagner had finished his splendid run the rain came. Again there was a honking of horns and a scramble for place for the homeward run. Like the farmers driving the family nag home from the horse races at the county fair almost every homecoming motorist was quite sure he had the makings of a race about him and cut 'er loose as far as the laws of Nassau allowed—and then some.

"Is to-day Saturday or Sunday?" asked a gray gown girl, seated in a car that was being ferried across the East River to Manhattan late yesterday afternoon. The young man with her yawned wearily and without an effort to cover the facial cavern.

"I think it's next week," he answered drowsily. And that is how most of the homeward bound crowd felt.

NO RACE LIKELY NEXT YEAR.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., said last evening that he did not think it possible to have another race in this country next year for the Vanderbilt cup as the French club

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tartar. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

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free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tartar. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

The Musical Revolution caused by the PIANOLA PIANO

AN illustration of how the Pianola Piano is revolutionizing the entire musical situation is shown by the tremendous increase in the output of perforated music-rolls since this new piano that "anyone can play" was first presented to the public.

During the past year it has been necessary for the Aeolian Company to devote an entire factory, with upwards of 110,000 square feet, to the manufacture of music-rolls exclusively. Last month the output of music-rolls showed an increase of 112 per cent. over the corresponding month of one year ago.

The rapid growth of this industry is due primarily to the wonderful success of the Pianola Piano. Never has the musical trade witnessed such rapid strides of popularity as achieved by this new type of piano that enables every member of the family to enjoy the subtle fascination of personally producing music.

This remarkable instrument has not only revolutionized musical progress and the manufacture of pianos, but it has also revolutionized the marketing of "used" pianos. Second-hand pianos are usually offered for sale because they are worn out or their owners have grown tired of them or they have developed some imperfection.

The used pianos offered for sale at Aeolian Hall come to us for quite other reasons. They are exchanged for the Pianola Piano, "The First Complete Piano."

Our Exchange Department, therefore, offers facilities for piano owners who cannot play to exchange their instruments for pianos they can play—that anyone can play.

Naturally, the earlier exchanges are made the better will be the allowance which we can make. Because the number of people who care to have a piano playable only by hand is constantly growing less. Sooner or later such a piano will be difficult to dispose of.

The AEOLIAN CO., Aeolian Hall, 362 5th Ave., near 34th Street, New York

Stern Brothers

Oriental Carpets and Rugs

Fall Importations, now shown, having been carefully selected by our own representative in the Orient, will be found particularly interesting to those desiring unusually choice specimens, with the advantage of exceptionally large assortments from which to choose, all marked at

Very Moderate Prices.

The Following Weaves are Represented:

Serapi Carpets, in small, medium and large sizes, in the finest quality and the rich soft colorings so much in demand.

Persian Carpets in dark and medium light colorings, best quality, in sizes ranging from 8x10 ft. to 12x15 ft.

Kirmanshah Carpets in the most desirable colorings and designs.

Genuine Antique Bokhara Carpets in soft old colors.

Shiraz Rugs. Very choice and unusual pieces, including many in rare designs and sizes.

Small Kirman Rugs, in a large range of prices, all fine selected pieces.

Real Antique Beloochistan Rugs in designs and colors very difficult to procure.

Persian Hall Strips, suitable for long halls and stairs. As all are in pairs this is an unusually attractive selection.

West Twenty-third Street

FURNITURE FOR THE LIVING ROOM.

To produce that "tranquil atmosphere" so necessary to a room of this kind—our suggestions for the Living Room provide some certain meaning above the commonplace. Pieces that reveal a depth of meaning and sentiment so closely allied to the "Furniture of our Forefathers."

Grand Rapids Furniture Company

(Incorporated)

34 and 36 West 32d Street

Between Broadway and Fifth Avenue

There was no time to flee. Men stood in their tracks too astonished to move, and women screamed. Perhaps it was due to the fact that no one tried to run that Haynes flashed through without a mishap.

Wagner came near going over in his second trip around the turn. He took the curve at almost full speed and as he hit the bend the machine tilted on two wheels. The crowd yelled, "He's over!" but Wagner slowed down like a flash and got through safely. Duray followed him on the same curve with a similar experience.

Le Blon came around on his fifth round and just before hitting the hairpin his right rear tire exploded. He did not stop until the next round. He came up then with both rear tires flat. Just four and a half minutes was wasted at the control and then he shot away out of sight again.

Clement electrified the crowd in the ninth round by a terrific sprint for the turn in which he missed Haynes by inches. Tracy brought up in the gutter on the far side of the hairpin in his sixth round. His engine was stopped and his mechanic ripped the hood off of the machine. Asked what the trouble was Tracy said:

"It's my throttle. It's loose and I've had trouble with it all the way so far."

The throttle was tightened and Tracy's mechanic then had trouble getting his engine started. Tracy seemed to be almost frantic at the delay and the second the engine started he shot through the crowd and down the road at the highest rate of speed seen on that part of the course.

Foxhall Keene, De Courcy Forbes and John A. Drake were interested spectators at the hairpin and expressed a great deal of sympathy with Tracy. Mr. Keene almost drove to the hairpin for his own driving in the race, but admitted frankly that he had wanted to drive.